

SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

NASHVILLE STREET,
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

CLUB LIST.

Mr. Nasby Vey Briefly Answers	
A Correspondent as to How He	
Got Back From Washington.	
ton.	
CONFEDERATE ROADS,	
Which Is in the State of Kentucky,	
Mar. 12, 1865.	

I received last week several letters

ask me how I managed to get back to Kentucky from Washington without money.

It is a painful subject, and one I don't like to dwell on, but as it is a subject wherein to other Democrats which may determine to test the ingrafting in them which we have put into power, I narrate.

Me another Kentuckian which had been persuaded to accept a post-rolls, and which had wasted his means waiting at Washington trying to get a ride, Cleveland, to also urge him to take it, had determined to shake the dust my city off our shoes, thanking Heaven that we had shoes left to shake the dust off. We wuz first to this conclusion after we had gone without any thing to eat for three long days, and had become as fat as a hawk with refreshments on a fine-kill.

"Better brave the shotgun, and bulldog the irate farmer than the cold hospitality of the Washington 'sloop,' said I.

"Troo," said my friend, "and may occasionally find a woman in a house alone, which may be skeered into giving us suttin to eat."

But after givin it mattoor consideration, I made up my mind that I wuz not walk home, no matter how good we might expect to find the roads and I immediately set about makin preparations for the journey.

First I stole my a confidin shoe-maker, which I know'd, a solid, substantial leather apern, and foldin it in three folds, so as to present the greatest air resistance, with a proper degree of flexibility, I packed it keefully in the set up my travs.

"Wat is that for?" asked my friend.

"Never you mind!" I replied.

"Ef you undertake to feed the conductors between here and Louisville, you will avert what that is fur. My advise to you is to go and do likewise."

Wise in his own conceit he lated me to skorn, and started without per-tekil his reer, with no good General plan.

Owin to a pervison they hev in large cities my not admittin, you to a

seat in the keers without showin a

ticket, we wuz compelled to walk to the next station out my Washington where we boldly board the keers, and sit down. The conductor entered and remarkt, "Tikkids!"

I okkeped ong a time, as I was

asked for my consent, not believin

there was any virtue in it.

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Mrs. OLIVER HARDMAN,

Jan. 9, '61. Monroe, Ga.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

still in his hand, and remarked: "The Jailer's name is Spalding, I presume. What are his initials?"

It was explained that the Jailer's name was not Spalding, but Prentiss, and the stranger made a note of it with evident satisfaction.—Lebanon Standard.

Cancer Cured.

Mrs. Oliver Hardman, an old resident of Walton county, and a lady of culture and prominence, has this to say of the treatment of cancer with Swift's Specific:

Over fifteen years ago a cancer made its appearance on my face. It was treated with plasters and the cure came out. The place healed up after some time, and seemingly my face was well. However, in a few years it returned again with more violence than ever. It gave me a great deal of pain. The former remedy seemed to do it no good. Knowing the disease to run in the family, having had one sister to die with cancer, I became seriously apprehensive of my condition. It continued to increase in size and virulence. I almost gave up all hope of ever being cured. The physician advised the use of the knife and caustic. This was more than I could bear, and refused to have it operated upon in that way. All other remedies were used, but the cancer continued to grow worse. The pain was excruciating, and my life was a burden. In this extremity my son, Dr. Hardman, recommended me to try Swift's Specific. It was the last resort, but I was so prejudiced against the use of patent medicines, and especially this one, that I hesitated some time. At last I gave my consent, not believin there was any virtue in it. The first bottle only increased the size of the sore, and the discharge from it, and hence did not inspire me with any hope. On taking the second bottle there were signs of improvement, and my face strengthened just in proportion to that improvement. The spot on my face began to decrease, as well as the discharge, and hope sprang up in my heart. Could it be, I asked myself, that I was at last to be relieved of this disease? It has given me so many dark hours in the past that the idea of being well again almost overpowered me. There was a contest between hope and fear for a long time. It was a long night of weeping, but joy came with the morning. There is nothing left to mark the place but a small scar, and I feel that it is impossible for me to express my gratitude for this great deliverance. It is a wonderful medicne.

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